

THE FRONTIER GUARDIAN.

BY ORSON HYDE.

KANESVILLE, IOWA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 7, 1849.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER I.

The Frontier Guardian.
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY
ORSON HYDE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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copy, one year, in advance, \$2 00
copy, six months, 1 00
copy, three months, 50
copy, two months, 25
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THE QUESTION ANSWERED,
WAS JOSEPH SMITH SENT OF GOD?

BY ORSON PRATT, OF ENGLAND.

A few days since, Mrs. Pratt and myself, together with some others, were kindly invited to take tea with a very respectable gentleman of this town (Liverpool), who, though not connected with our church, yet was, with his family, sincerely enquiring after the truth. They seemed to be fully convinced in relation to the most important features of our doctrine, and were desirous of extending their investigations still further. We hope that their researches may happily result in a full conviction of the truth, and that they may obtain that certainty, so much to be desired, as to the divine authority of the great and important message now revealed from heaven—a message which must assuredly prove a savor of life or death to the generation now living. This message is beginning to awake the attention of the honest, virtuous, and upright among all classes of society. They seem to be aroused from the slumber of ages!

A message of simple truth, when sent from God—when published by divine authority, through divinely inspired men, penetrates the mind like a sharp two-edged sword, and cuts asunder the deeply-rooted prejudices, the iron-bound sinews of ancient error and tradition, made sacred by age and rendered popular by human wisdom. It severs with undivided exactness between the doctrine of man and the doctrine of God; it levels with the most perfect ease every argument that human learning may array against opinions, creeds invented by uninspired men, and doctrines originated in schools of divinity, all of which sink into insignificance when compared with a message direct from heaven. Such a message shines upon the understanding like the splendors of the noon-day sun; it whispers in the ears of mortals, saying “this is the way, walk ye in it.” Certainty and assurance are its constant companions; it is entirely unlike all plans or systems ever invented by human authority; it has no alliance, connexion, or fellowship with any of them; it speaks with divine authority, and all nations, without exception, are required to obey. He that receives the message and endures to the end shall be saved; he that rejects it will be damned. It matters not what his former righteousness may have been—none can be excused.

As a specimen of the anxious inquiry which now pervades the minds of many in relation to this church, we publish the following extract from a letter, which was kindly read to us during our aforementioned visit, by a gentleman who received it from his friend in London. We were struck with the apparent candor, the sound judgment and the correct conclusions of the author of the letter, and earnestly solicited the privilege of publishing it. Permission was granted on condition that we would withhold his name. We here present it to our readers, in the full endeavor, in the same spirit, to uncover the all-important inquiry contained in it.

U.S.A. 15th.
My dear Sir: I have had the pleasure to be able to return your letters* you so kindly left with me, and then hand him it at the

name thereby on his

returning home to me.

He has been pleased to let me know

and I concur in our view of

the matter.

Do you shew what that

then proceed to state it? We con-

prous which Mormonism gives of the

A, without question, clear and demon-

strately concurred also in the personal

and reign of our Lord; we are per-

suaded that all the preachers and teachers of the day are

not authority—that their teachings and in-

terpretations are uncertain as to the truth—that the foundations of the scripture, being done without in-

spection, are also uncertain. All is uncertain!

wholly thought a deplorable picture but a true

the different teachers do the best they

can bring out a consistent system of

divine revelation! And they have a right

think power to divide from an authority

as such. But their multiplied division is a

bold proof that they are wrong—that they are

not that strain who guides into truth, and true

truth.

dear sir, the “Sects” have made out a strong

attractive case to show that authority is

nowhere, if not with them; but the pro-

position that they have authority to teach, interpret,

and at present does not create a convic-

tion in my mind. We admit that it is

reasonable to suppose that, under such circum-

stances, God would raise up and send out inter-

preters. Whether Joseph Smith was such an

interpreter is an important question.

I also admit that he was accompa-

nied with his history, more or

less, very remarkable, and that he was

fully conversant with the

scriptural writings, and that he was

more than twice as old as

the average man.

I confess my mind is much concerned to

a clear conclusion upon the point.

What you will say, I am

a few hours that you think clearly. After

the vision of Joseph Smith, and that should

be with the price, he will feel much

and will send you a post-office order for the

sum. He believes your mission will be a judi-

cious one, and that it will be a success.

He has been in this country since I

last saw him, and he has been

very ill, confined to bed, and

now recovering, and I am anxious to

know more fully on the subject.

I am greatly struck with the

views of the members of the community.

Books and the others resort strongly the divine

Joseph Smith's mission; this is however not

enough; the church of the early saints had proofs to give to inspired apostles like Peter, inspired deacons like Stephen, inspired evangelists like Phillip, inspired prophets like Agabus, and inspired prophetesses like Phillip's daughters. All this was the result of the Spirit being in and with them in authority and power. The church of the latter day ought to be the same, if having the same spirit of authority and power.

The sects are without authority and power, therefore they are sects groping in the dark, and hoping, and thinking, and guessing they are right, and all this convinces that they are not “the Church, the body of Christ;” bodies they are of their doctors and founders sure enough! Now I think the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints must resemble the original, or it is at once proved to be only a sect. One result of my conversation with you and Banks, and perusing the Letters, is that I

can no longer connect with any sect. So far as I can without difficulty confound in arguments and scriptural arguments—any who

are with the Methodists I am convinced is the worse because its pretensions are highest. I stand therefor filled with

disgust, I declare I should be glad to be convinced that Mormonism is what it professes to be; I would join it to-day if my mind could be convinced that its elders had authority to baptize me for the remission of sins and to lay hands on me for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

These sacred ordinances I would gladly obey, if I knew men having authority to administer them! To have these ordinances administered without divine authority is mere child's play. Thus you see my position. A Methodist leader, an old friend, said to me the other day, “Are you connected with the church of Christ?” I answered, “Who is the Church of Christ?” He replied it was found among the different sects. I then inquired, “Are you the Church of Christ—for if you are, you must be a member of all the sects?” This rather puzzled him. I then asked him “Shew me the sect that resembled the church at the beginning; does any one of them, or do they all put together resemble the church of the beginning?” He said certainly not. I enquired why not? He was shrewd enough to be silent and to see that his own mouth must condemn his sect and all the sects. Observe, in the absence of the Spirit, how little we know as they can. This I am trying to do only I can tell that I am poor and blind, and nearly devoid of the knowledge of the certainty of the authority and truth of the gift of the Holy Spirit! So did Mr. S. Did the former-day Saints teach that baptism to the penitent believer for the remission of sins? So did Mr. S. Did they teach the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Spirit? So did Mr. S. Did the former-day Saints teach that apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, deacons, bishops, elders, &c., all inspired of God, were necessary in the church? So did Mr. S. Did the ancient Saints teach that dreams, visions, new revelations, ministering of angels, healings, tongues, interpretations, and all other spiritual gifts were necessary in the church? So did this modern prophet.

FIRST.—The author of the above letter has carefully examined the present state of the world, and declares himself fully convinced of the awful apostasy which now universally prevails. He unhesitatingly admits that all authority to teach—to administer ordinances—to build up the church of Christ, has entirely ceased from the earth—that “all is uncertain.” He also admits that “it is very reasonable to suppose, that under such circumstances, God would raise up and send one invested with authority.” Whether Joseph Smith was such an one is the all-important question.

Second.—In what manner does Joseph Smith declare that a dispensation of the gospel was committed unto him? He testifies that an angel of God, whose name was Moroni, appeared unto him; that this angel was formerly an ancient prophet of the tribe of Joseph on the continent of America.

He testifies that Moroni revealed unto him where he deposited the sacred records of his nation some fourteen hundred years ago; that these records contained the “everlasting gospel” as it was anciently taught by this branch of Israel.

He gave Mr. Smith power

to reveal the contents of those records to the nations of the earth. Now, how does

the testimony of Joseph Smith agree with the book of John’s prophecy given on the Isle of Patmos? John testifies that when the gospel is again committed to the nations, it shall be through the medium of an angel from heaven. J. Smith testifies that a dispensation of the gospel for all nations has been committed to him by an angel. The one testifies the prediction; the other testifies its fulfillment. Though Mr. Smith had taught a perfect doctrine, yet if he had testified that his doctrine was not restored by an angel, all would at once know him to have been an impostor. How came Mr. Smith, if an impostor, to not only discover a perfect doctrine, but also to discover the precise medium through which the doctrine should be restored to the earth? Did Swedenborg, Wesley, or any other persons, not only teach a pure system, but at the same time did they declare that it was committed to them by an angel from heaven? If not, however pure and holy their teaching, they were not divinely authorized to administer in ordinances. If Mr. Smith had professed to have accidentally discovered those records, and that he was inspired to reveal their contents through the Urim and Thummim; or if he had professed to have received a message of the gospel through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, or the Urim and Thummim, or in any other way but that of the ministering of an angel, we should, without further inquiry, have known him to be without authority. How came Mr. Smith, if a learned man, to teach a doctrine of all the sects? John testifies that when the gospel is again committed to the nations, it shall be through the medium of an angel from heaven. J. Smith testifies that a dispensation of the gospel for all nations has been committed to him by an angel. The one testifies the prediction; the other testifies its fulfillment. 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The Frontier Guardian.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1845.

Notice.—All communications addressed to the Editor, must be post paid to receive attention.

To OUR READERS.

RESPECTED FRIENDS AND BRETHREN :
Assuming the duties of an Editor at this period and under existing circumstances, in a region remote from the usual circles of intelligence, where the facilities for interchange are "few and far between," particularly in the winter, when the snows are so deep as they now are, and have been since the 30th of November last, the difficulties and obstacles that we must, of necessity, contend with, are not a few. In assuming the duties of Editor, we must also assume the responsibility of the same. The press is a powerful engine, for good or for evil, and calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the community where it is. The actions of both old and young, male and female, to a great extent, are directed and controlled by this agent that speaks with a thousand tongues. A wise head, a mind that knows not fear, and that will not be fettered, and a heart steeled with "good will to man" should be the fundamental qualifications of him who is destined, through the press, to give tone and color to public sentiment. Feeling our own deficiency in this respect, it is with a trembling hand and a faltering knee that we step forward to our seat, in the Editorial Chair.

The matter that shows from our pen will lodge in the columns of our sheet to meet the eyes of thousands, and pass under the scrutiny of both friend and foe. It will be regarded, and justly too, as a simile of our own heart, and will form the basis of that sentence that will be pronounced upon our head at the bar of public opinion. were this, however, the only ordeal that our words are subject to, we should rest comparatively easy. But there is yet another and higher tribunal at which all men must appear and be justified or condemned by the words which they have spoken. It is, therefore, not without the most ardent wish, and sincere prayer that the words we employ, and thoughts we record may be the dictat of that Spirit, that is destined to bless the world, make an end of sin and triumph gloriously over all things, that we engage in the arduous labors that our station requires us to perform. Should we fail to realize this, in consequence of any momentary excitement or vexation, we hope to find forgiveness with both God and man.

The principles of our religion will always have a conspicuous place in our columns. And we shall labor with all care and patience to illustrate and enforce them by every reason and argument that we can bring to bear on the subject, both original and borrowed. With us, this is a matter of conscience and not of speculation. We desire to discharge our duty as a faithful watchman, and to clear our garments from the blood of souls. Whatever motive others may ascribe to us for our course, it matters little to us; but it is highly satisfactory to know that our Supreme Judge knows and understands our motive, and can appreciate the causes of our action.

We shall spare no pains or labor to keep up a healthy moral atmosphere, so far as our words and influence may extend, ever bearing in mind this noble sentiment: "His religion cannot be far wrong whose actions are right;" and his religion can never save or benefit him whose actions are wrong. Still, correct views are more likely to induce just and proper actions, and when the mind has given birth to a noble thought or a just principle, it should be as eager to adorn it with a classic and virtuous life, as the mother is to adorn her newly born infant with fabrics of the finest texture.

Being situated upon the extreme borders of civilization, in a wilderness country, where the means and facilities for improvement in science and learning are not so available as in many other sections, it will give us great satisfaction to aid, by all laudable means in our power, in an enterprise so important as that of the education of our youth. It affords us unweary pleasure to see the favorable results of some limited exertions not long since made in favor of education. Two flourishing schools in our little town of about eighty scholars each, conducted by a principal and an assistant in each one, with many others in various parts of the county that have sprung into being, and may be continued with increased seal and numbers, by giving to the subject of education that attention which, we trust, it may be in our power to bestow. On the rising generation will rest the responsibility of completing the work which we have begun. How necessary, then, that the juvenile mind be fed with food to cause it to expand, flourish and become qualified, not only to meet, but to remove those obstacles that may oppose themselves to their carrying forward the designs of their parents to perfection and glory. The history of the world has left this sad and mournful truth on record, in bold relief, that where education has been a minor or secondary consideration, tyranny and oppression have been the primary objects. True light and knowledge are most fatal to all the selfish schemes of worldly policy, and will expose to view every dark and intricate spot in the science of government.

With political questions it is not our present design to interfere to any great extent. Still, when duty calls us to raise our voice upon this subject, we know our constitutional rights and privileges, and we dare to assert them. It must needs be, however, that efficient cause; and if our law makers will take away our rights, or deprive us of their enjoyment, (which we are unwilling to believe of them,) because we have consistently voted for General Taylor, and if, for the same cause, they have magnified our sins with a malicious spirit, only sympathizing that of the tragedy at Cartago, Ill., in '44, we must submit to it because we cannot help ourselves; and in turn, public opinion will compel them to submit to the disgrace of making the objects of their wicked designs, and then, the looks of their power like a scorpion, worn in the lap of Bellona. Consistency extended to an opponent whom in your power, and undeniably sincere, he, and yourself, is to your mind; but opposition, power? What is, in reality, however, let them make here another way. It is our firm conviction that all orderly governments will move to the right, and that the time will come when the principles of justice and freedom will prevail over the principles of despotism and slavery.

The people in New Jersey know him as well that he does no harm there, neither in Philadelphia, where he used to do the sales of our company, nor in New York, where he was a member of the Legislature. He moved here two years ago, and has been a member of our Assembly. A man and a woman, and a number of other persons of integrity who have been connected with him, are now here.

The season of emigration will soon open, and outfitting for the mountains and "gold regions" will soon commence. Our business men in all parts of the country would do well to advertise their business and prices, and if possible, put them so low as to induce new comers to postpone their purchases till they arrive at the Bifurc. "A nimble expence is better than a slow shilling," and we would gladly encourage the home trade, if we can do it without doing injustice to the new comers and emigrant. We are willing that the trade of one part of the country should succeed and prosper just as well as that of another, provided it is honorable and just. Farmers that wish to go west, can avail themselves of the opportunity of advertising their farms and property for sale—cattle, horses, mules, wagons, &c., &c. Come then with your advertisements and support the GUARDIAN! Come one, come all!—Lead us your aid, and in turn the Guardian will sustain you.

It is desired that every person who feels interested in the foregoing sentiments and principles should become a subscriber to the GUARDIAN. We shall labor incessantly to give all a word in due season, and we trust that none will feel that their money is thrown away or lost by patronizing this sheet; and it is hoped that few are so poor that they cannot, in some way, pay for the paper and have it sufficient to render the house comfortable to themselves without being under the disagreeable necessity of borrowing from their neighbors.

Notice.—We should be glad to accommodate our friends with the SWARNA, but, our circumstances require ready pay. We have established this rule as the one most likely to ensure the continuance of our paper. Let no one feel slighted therefore, if he does not receive his paper in due course, unless he has first deposited with us the amount of his subscription.

Notice.

The citizens of Pottawatomie county, residing on the low bottoms of the Missouri river, are hereby notified and advised, in due season, to remove to higher ground. The vast quantities of snow that have fallen here, and in the vicinity and neighborhood of the mountains, will, *most certainly* cause an unusual rise of these waters in the months of May and June, and perhaps sooner.

KANESVILLE, Jan. 16, 1845.

Appeared at Last!

The "GUARDIAN," so long looked for and so long delayed, is now before the public. On our part, we were ready to have issued at the time proposed in our prospectus. But the printer, whom we engaged in St. Louis last fall, was detained there by ill health of his family until the winter set in with all severity, and rendered a journey to this place almost impracticable. He, however, has arrived, and his face was skinned by frost and cold. But his health is good and facing smooth again. We trust, now, that we shall be able to proceed without further interruption or delay. Send in your subscriptions, therefore, from all quarters, and your business shall be done with fidelity and dispatch.

To Emigrants.
Emigrants to this place, by the Missouri River, should land at Council Point, some three miles above Trading Point or Bellevue. CHARLES BARD resides there—and to him should our friends make application for information immediately on landing. This is the most eligible point on the river for the accommodation of emigrants to get removed to the U friends in the various settlements in this region, and also the nearest point to this place.

Saints, Remember This!

Before you listen to tales that are like castles in the air—before you enlist in any pretended great work or mission that directs your course and energies aside from the general course and counsel of the church upon the pretense that some man has a great deal of power—high appointment in the church that the generally know nothing about; come to the High Council, or to the Twelve who are left here in charge of the church, and ask advice before you ensnare yourselves like the followers of Emmett and others. Some men proudly boast of their ability to stand against the counsel and advice of their friends, and consider it a disgrace to yield this position; but confident in their own strength, they persist in a stubborn self-will which is a sure precursor of disaster and ruin.

Single copies of the "Guardian" can be had at this office, nicely enclosed in a wrapper for the mail, to be sent away to friends and acquaintances. No extra charge for the wrapper. Friends leaving this place, would do well to purchase a number of copies, They may distribute them to good advantage.

We are always pleased to see our friends, except when they follow us into the printer's room and commence conversation with the compositor. This is very annoying to them, and a detriment to business. A printing office is no place to drop in to spend time in unnecessary conversation. If you will have the papers in due season, leave us to ourselves as much as possible, and we will give them to you. If you have actual business with the office, we shall be happy to see you there, but if you have not, leave us to ourselves.

We have just read a letter from Br. Appleby, of New Jersey, which he requests us to publish. We should be pleased to comply with his request, if the subject of his communication was not such a melancholy picture of human weakness, depravity, and vice. William Smith was excommunicated from the church, for saying that his brethren had wronged him and sought his life. This was a slander upon the church which they would not endure. He said that to excite a sympathy in his favor that merit would never award to him. As bad as he represents the church to be, he has written two or three letters to us, confessing a part of his sin, and destroying to get back into this "wicked and blasphemous church;" but the church would not receive his confession, and consequently would not receive him. He would confess many things that he was not guilty of; but the church required him to confess fully the thing that he was guilty of. He never wished the priesthood for any other purpose than to use it as a means of humanity, charity and love. Being righteous out of the church, he seeks the truth of those who did it by trying to blanch his own sin in their account.

The people in New Jersey know him as well that he does no harm there, neither in Philadelphia, where he used to do the sales of our company, nor in New York, where he was a member of the Legislature. He moved here two years ago, and has been a member of our Assembly. A man and a woman, and a number of other persons of integrity who have been connected with him, are now here.

David Brown, Esq. H. Allen, and Henderson Cox, were murdered by the Indians, as it was supposed, in the California mountains, on the 27th Jany. last. They left the main company to search out a river used to cross the mountains. Judging from the distance they had travelled, they were murdered on the 27th or the second day after starting. When the main company were on the 18th of July, they found the three bodies in a sort of grave on the mountain side. Some doors and stones were found about the bodies. Their bodies had been stripped, and were found to be in a state of decomposition. The Indians had cut off their hands, feet, and noses, and had cut out their hearts. They had also cut off their ears, and had cut out their eyes.

The Gold Regime, and Gold Fever.
The mountains and valleys of California appear to be glittering with the precious ore. This wonderful discovery was first made by Mormons, if we are correctly informed. Indeed, the gentleman is now here that claims this honor, and to whom, we believe, it is justly due. Gold certainly has a great attractive power, and a charm that few can resist. Not a danger but that has been encountered for its sake. Not a sea or ocean that has not been navigated, and justly. Farmers that wish to go west, can avail themselves of the opportunity of advertising their farms and property for sale—cattle, horses, mules, wagons, &c., &c. Come then with your advertisements and support the GUARDIAN! Come one, come all!—Lead us your aid, and in turn the Guardian will sustain you.

The general of their dwellings, are mere huts formed of willow sticks, the interstices filled with mud—the roofs, of the same material, covered with dirt, or long grass. There are, however, some houses of more aristocratic pretensions, among which is the Temple, although this is a perfect burlesque on their beautiful structure at Nauvoo. The Temple is built of logs, (which, from the extreme scarcity of timber, were hauled a very long distance,) and is as near as I could ascertain, about one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty wide. The fire place extends the entire width of the building, and is sufficient to render the house comfortable even during the recent extreme cold weather.

The vast numbers of persons that are going to the golden mountains of California, from the Eastern, Western, Middle and Southern States, from Europe, from Oregon and from the Sandwich Islands, and also from various other parts by sea and by land, must cause pestilence, famine and war among them. Who will keep order among the miners? None, unless they can be paid for it as much as they can make by digging gold; and what company or government will pay that price to soldiers?

We do not believe that any will. All classes appear to be neglecting agricultural pursuits in that region, and if sights are not seen there before one year, we shall be ready to believe that the love of money is hardly the root of all evil. They will be on the plains, in the valleys, and on the mountains like the locust of Egypt, sweeping every green thing before them. What a scene can be imagined! Famine for a little bread while wading in gold dust. Stealing it from one another, fighting, digging, shooting, &c., &c. Black eyes and bloody noses will be more common there than bread, in our opinion. It is not of class of men, generally, that are of the most quiet and peaceful dispositions that will be drawn there.

We are frequently asked: "Is it best to go to the gold regions of California?" We will answer this question by asking another. "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

JAMES H. MULHOLLAND whose trial is reported on the fourth page, claimed to be a member of our church. We therefore tried him for his fellowship by the laws of the church: But sincerely, we lack evidence of his ever being a member of our body at all. There is no record of it to be found in any of the books kept by the various branches. He may have been ducked at mid-night by some brother counterfeiter, the better to carry on their dark designs. If any man will own that he baptized Mulholland, we believe that we can prove that he is connected with him in the same business.

Let all good citizens keep their eye upon this grand villain, and mark his associates and companions, for "birds of a feather will flock together." We would not recommend driving them off, but let them stop and wither under the frowns and just contempt of all virtuous and good men. The very children in the street will point out this gang, and the places where they are harbored, and when they see any one of them pass, they will say, "There goes a bogus maker!" for even the children know that we have no law here, but are dependent upon moral force to suppress such evils and put them to shame.

On our first page we insert for the benefit of our readers an article from the writings of Elder Ozon Pratt. The productions of this excellent and worthy man are marked with mathematical clearness and precision. Every circumstance and item of doctrine connected with our church, seem to find a place in his fruitful and retentive memory. The church in England, from all accounts is flourishing under his watchcare and counsel. May God speed him in his work in that country, and crown the labors of our brethren there with abundant success. Our peace and blessing be with them.

We must ask pardon of our readers for troubling them so, let us, however, tell a tale as that of the "Dixie ghost." We were strongly solicited to publish it, as it was the thought to be a true illustration of the character of some of the counterfeiting gang into whose arrangements we have of late made some.

The Council at the Salt Lake continued Lyman Wight as one of the Twelves. In this they did right; for they acted upon the latest evidence they had. We discontinued him at the same time and we believe that we did right also; for we acted upon the evidence that we had: But our evidence was later than theirs.

We have been applied to indirectly to use an influence among our citizens to get them to sign a petition to get Major John Miller, the Indian agent at Bellevue, removed from office, and some other gentleman appointed. We are tolerably well acquainted with Major Miller, but the other proposed candidate to supply his place, we are not acquainted with. We do not know that we should gain anything by the change provided it should be made. We think Major Miller is true to the Government and intends to do right. But if, when the Indians and our horses and mules, he would get a Lieutenant and some twenty men or less from the fort, and compel the Indians to restore them, it would please us much better. We do not pretend to understand his powers. But if an American Minister in China could command and order the American fleet in those waters to blockade the port of Canton, to humble the haughty pride and insolence of the Governor of that city, we should think that our American Minister to the Ottos and Omahas at this time would have the power to make them restore their horses and mules, and to smart for stealing and killing our cattle. Should occasion or circumstance, however, make it necessary for the exercise of any such power, we shall make ourselves that it will be promptly and effectually brought to bear.

With all good wishes to the present administration, we bid it adieu, at this time, any part in the removal of Major Miller from office.

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Correspondence of the Missouri Republican.

NEAR FAIRFIELD, IOWA, Dec. 25, 1848.
On my return from a trip on the Upper Missouri, I took occasion to visit the Mormon settlement at Council Bluffs. I found the Saints in what they call a prosperous and happy condition; but which I, (not seeing things with an eye of faith,) call a most miserable and degraded state, considering that they claim to be—the chosen of the Lord, an example to all nations, and inhabitants of the Millennium.

The general of their dwellings, are mere huts formed of willow sticks, the interstices filled with mud—the roofs, of the same material, covered with dirt, or long grass. There are, however, some houses of more aristocratic pretensions, among which is the Temple, although this is a perfect burlesque on their beautiful structure at Nauvoo. The Temple is built of logs, (which, from the extreme scarcity of timber, were hauled a very long distance,) and is as near as I could ascertain, about one hundred and twenty feet long by eighty wide. The fire place extends the entire width of the building, and is sufficient to render the house comfortable even during the recent extreme cold weather.

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The writer of the above signs his name "Say SCRAPER." We have lived at this place for the last two and a half years, and we confess that we have never yet seen, to our best recollection, one single house of the description given by this gentleman. Still, there may be some for ought we know, yet we are very well acquainted in most parts of the county. Many houses are covered with dirt on the top of the boards, or shingles, to keep out the snow which is carried by the piercing winds that prevail here in winter, through the smallest cracks and crevices: But "huts formed of willow sticks," we have not seen by the natural eye, nor yet by faith in this region. We do not intend to accuse Mr. Skyscraper of telling falsehoods; but he scrapes so high that he had not a clear view of earthly things. We would advise him, in his next circuit, to scrape a little nearer the earth and he may then see things as they are. But though we should live in huts or caves or dens of the earth, and dress in sheep skins and goat skins, we are not aware that this would be an evidence against us being the chosen of the Lord, an example to all nations, and inhabitants of the Millennium.

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The Frontier Guardian.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1845.

THE DIXBORO GHOST.

Being a full exposition of all the facts relating to the Dixboro Ghost, which is said to have appeared in Dixboro, Washtenaw Co., Michigan.

BY A SPECTATOR.

"Trifles light as air, are to the jealous;
Confirmations, strong as proofs of holly writ."

"There are more things in heaven, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in thy philosophy."

SHAKESPEARE.

The public mind having for some time been somewhat excited by the "vague rumors" and "strange whisperings," of the appearance of an inhabitant of the other world, in this, our merry earth, and as news from "that bound from which no travel returns," must be acceptable to all, even the most skeptical, the following lucid exposition of the whole matter cannot but be interesting. The strange fact that a "Ghost" has actually appeared in the "nineteenth century," and held daily converse with flesh and blood, is, in itself, of sufficient importance to attract the notice of all lovers of the marvellous. It would be superfluous, in this place, to enter into the discussion as to the possibility or impossibility, and still more, the probability or improbability of the appearance of a spiritual visitant in all the accoutrements and habiliments of mortality, as argument in such cases can go no farther than the mere expression of opinions, which seldom have the power of convincing minds disposed to doubt either the truth or falsity of a position. Therefore a plain and unvarnished statement of facts as far as they can be obtained will be given, and every one left to form his own opinion in regard to the reality of the visitation of the unhappy spirit.

To those disposed to give credence to this strange and unaccountable affair, it will be interesting to know that it is no preconcerted farce invented to impose upon their credulity—no dark legerdemain played off for deception in order to excite the minds and waken the imagination of the ignorant. To those otherwise disposed, it is for this reason more worthy a calm and dispassionate consideration than a philosophical investigation. 'Tis true, when cases of this kind occur, it is easier for the skeptic to pass it by with a sneer of contempt than to attempt to account for it on those principles for which he would be glad to be accredited. Some for fear of being thought credulous will avoid the subject, by a jest, others wrapped in the mock dignity of their own superlative wisdom, will consider it as wholly beneath their notice, while those who are so fortunate as to have a contrary opinion will be silent for some other reason equally unworthy a truly wise man. There is something truly awful in the thought, that an inhabitant of the other world, should be so affected by what has happened in this habitation of mortality, that she cannot rest among her sister spirits. Behold the unhappy spirit wandering alone and dejected along the halls of its new residence, like a mist from the beams of aurora she glides from the welcome of kindred shades, refusing to receive the proffered joys of the spirit land. Still turns the panting soul to the tale of tears from which it has been untimely driven. Perchance there were bright scenes it had loved in the sunny climes of its native earth, or more grievous still perchance it was hurried unprepared to the presence of its maker, with all its stain'd garments upon it—who then shall say that the cause of its uneasiness is not sufficient to send it sighing back to its earthly abode? Well may it cry wo, wo! to the wicked, for even though their guilt shall be hid from mortal eyes, will not the spirit of the injured come back to whisper in their ears, GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!!!

But to return to the thread of our story, the facts which are connected with this strange affair as near as can be found out are as follows:

Some time during the year '28 or '29, the Messrs. —, emigrated to the then territory of Michigan, and settled in the town of Dixboro, the site of which was then mostly covered with its primeval forests, which had not yet yielded to the innovations of the sturdy pioneer of the west. At the time of their emigration but one of them was head of a family, and with him, his brothers made their home—and thus they lived for several years. Some time after this, the sister of Mrs. —, then a widow, possessed of some attractions, and these increased by some considerable property, then made a visit (with her son, an only child then four or five years of age) to her relations in Dixboro, where she remained for some time, during which she was constant resident at the house of her brother-in-law. The Messrs. — on their settling in Dixboro had purchased a small farm, and by their industry had made on it considerable improvements, and were considered by their neighbors as thriving farmers, "well to do in this world." The forest, before the stroke of their industry had vanished, and in its stead had arisen the cultivated field and the waving grain, and to the prowling beasts of the wilderness, had succeeded the loving herd, and the face of nature was changed. But who shall unravel the mysteries of the human heart, or the secret workings of the inner man—man, busy, restless,avaricious man—ever grasping after something beyond that which he possesses, ever reaching forward for the dim phantoms of the future, he despises the realities of the present, and looks for contentment in the dreamy uncertainties of futurity. Wealth, wealth at thy unlovely shrine do the sons of mortality kneel, at thy shrine do they come to offer up as a sacrifice, all that is lovely below, all that can render the sojourn of mortals in this vale of woe, a sojourner of happiness rather than misery. To them are sacrificed honesty, peace of mind, the welfare of friends and the harmony of society. Why are we troubled with the mysterious whisperings of doubting friends and credulous strangers? Why comes the nurturer of unkind scorns from the ripple of peaceful waters? Lake of the forest wild, hearest thou in thy bosom the tale of crime and cruelty! Have thy waves shrunk from the contaminating toads of secret, murderous doings but for a moment, and then closed over the dead, hiding it from the gaze of injured justice in thy secret depths? But the strange whisperings have gone forth, and now point, with

meaning look, to the lake where violence hath been concealed. Yet it may be but the tale of suspicion which the imaginations of men have conceived, and credulous minds have believed. Many there are who can feast their vicious appetites on the mysterious and marvellous, swallowing with greedy zest each meaning word and look, which, the credulous with wise shake of the head, which says, "stranger things there are, of which thou hast not heard," throw out for the gratification of kindred spirits. There is in man this eagerness for the marvellous and wonderful, this continual desire for something out of the common course of events, to gratify this taste for novelty. Time also adds its charm to the tale of other days, casting the false glare of reality around that which exists only in the brain of those who had conceived it. But the story of the *Lake* and its contents were forgotten and perhaps would have remained buried in the gulf of oblivion, had not the "troubled spirit" returned from its "long home," again to call to men's minds their former suspicions.

When spirits were wont to hold their revels on earth, and ever as the wanling moon sank behind the western hills, to wander through

the scenes they had known, while coupled with their earthly forms, the appearance of such visitors might have been no wonder-making event; but now when we no longer look for their visitations, when we have nor even a Shakespeare to create them in his fertile brain, nor bring them at his beck from the "vasty deep," even the faded appearance of one from the invisible world, must needs become the topic of a wondering age. But the statement of facts is what we have promised for the gratification of the impatient and curious reader, and we therefore again turn to their narration as they have transpired.

During the stay of the lady at her sister's, Mrs. —, one of the younger brothers had

conceived a strong attachment for her, and as the attachment proved to be mutual, the consequence was that she consented to his at a distant day. Thus the fates seemed to smile on the anticipated pleasures of the happy pair. But alas! how vain are all our calculations of worldly joy, even when we least expect it, we are cherishing that in our bosoms, as the star of a bright destiny, which is forever to embitter the bright current of life, and render us, like Tantalus of old, miserable in the midst of surrounding happiness, which ever recedes from our eager grasp. Mrs. —, had for some time past, been gradually settling into a gloomy and melancholy state, from which it was almost impossible to arouse her, even for short interval, and if she did assume, for a time, her former gayety o' spirits, it was evident that it was only assumed for the skeptic to pass it by with a sneer of contempt than to attempt to account for it on those principles for which he would be glad to be accredited. Some for fear of being thought credulous will avoid the subject, by a jest, others wrapped in the mock dignity of their own superlative wisdom, will consider it as wholly beneath their notice, while those who are so fortunate as to have a contrary opinion will be silent for some other reason equally unworthy a truly wise man. There is something truly awful in the thought, that an inhabitant of the other world, should be so affected by what has happened in this habitation of mortality, that she cannot rest among her sister spirits. Behold the unhappy

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pioneer of the west. At the time of their emigration but one of them was head of a family, and with him, his brothers made their home—and thus they lived for several years. Some time after this, the sister of Mrs. —, then a widow, possessed of some attractions, and these increased by some considerable property, then made a visit (with her son, an only child then four or five years of age) to her relations in Dixboro, where she remained for some time, during which she was constant resident at the house of her brother-in-law. The Messrs. — on their settling in Dixboro had purchased a small farm, and by their industry had made on it considerable improvements, and were considered by their neighbors as thriving farmers, "well to do in this world." The forest, before the stroke of their industry had vanished, and in its

stead had arisen the cultivated field and the waving grain, and to the prowling beasts of the wilderness, had succeeded the loving herd, and the face of nature was changed. But who shall unravel the mysteries of the human heart, or the secret workings of the inner man—man, busy, restless,avaricious man—ever grasping after something beyond that which he possesses, ever reaching forward for the dim phantoms of the future, he despises the realities of the present, and looks for contentment in the dreamy uncertainties of futurity. Wealth, wealth at thy unlovely

shrine do the sons of mortality kneel, at thy shrine do they come to offer up as a sacrifice, all that is lovely below, all that can render the sojourn of mortals in this vale of woe, a sojourner of happiness rather than misery. To them are sacrificed honesty, peace of mind, the welfare of friends and the harmony of society. Why are we troubled with the mysterious whisperings of doubting friends and credulous strangers? Why comes the nurturer of unkind scorns from the ripple of peaceful waters?

Lake of the forest wild, hearest thou in thy bosom the tale of crime and cruelty! Have thy waves shrunk from the contaminating toads of secret, murderous doings but for a moment, and then closed over the dead, hiding it from the gaze of injured justice in thy secret depths? But the strange whisperings have gone forth, and now point, with

him, what her sister had, a number of years previous related to her, saying that her sister had known much more about the affair than herself, and that the uneasiness of her (her sister) had been the principal cause of her death. When she had concluded, she requested the Doctor to fulfil his part of the engagement, and showed him the vien she wished him to open, in order to bleed her to death. He, shocked at the idea of becoming a murderer, tried to divert her from her purpose, but she was earnest that he should do as he had promised, declaring that if he did not kill her some one else would. Dr. D. finding it useless to reason with her, took out his lancet, but after examining it pretended that it was out of order, and consequently that it would be impossible for him to perform the operation, until he could go home and obtain another instrument. On his arising to leave the room, she burst out into the most pitiable lamentations, frequently exclaiming, "they will murder, they will kill me," at the same time adjuring him not to tell them anything that he had told him. Upon his pledging himself to keep her secret, she was more calm and permitted him, though reluctantly to leave the room.

As she continued to fail rapidly in strength, both of body and mind, the anxiety of her friends increased, and many did not scruple to express their suspicions that all was not as it should be and that some thing more than a natural disorder, was carrying her to the grave. Two or three days before her death, Dr. D. was again called in to see her, but would do nothing towards alleviating her unhappy condition. She continued to labor under great delirium; as if haunted by some frightful spectre which she was compelled to carry with her through life. She moved slowly across the floor until she entered the bedroom and the door closed. I then went up and opened the bedroom door and all was dark; I stepped forward and lighted a candle with a match, but saw no one, or heard any noise, except just before I opened the bedroom door, I thought I heard one of the bureau doors open and shut.

I spoke of what I had seen several days after, and then learned for the first time, that the house in which I then lived, had been previously occupied by a widow M.—, and that she died there.

The second time I saw her was in October about one o'clock in the morning. I got up, started to go out the back door; as I opened the bed-room door, it was light in the outer room; *I saw no candle*, but I saw the same woman that I had seen before; I was about five feet from her; she said, "don't touch me—touch me not." I stepped back a little, and asked her, "What she wanted," she said he had got it. He robbed me little by little until he killed me!" They killed me, now he has got all." I then asked her, "who did it all?" She said "J.—, J.—, J.—, has got it at last, but it won't do him long." "Joseph! Oh Joseph! I wish Joseph would come away." Then all was dark and still.

October.—The third time I saw her, I awoke in the night, know not what hour, the bedroom was entirely light—I saw no candle, but saw the woman—she said, "J.—, can't hurt me any more. No, he can't—I am out of his reach. Why don't they get Joseph away? Oh my boy! Why not come away. And all was dark and still.

October.—The fourth time I saw her, was about 11 o'clock at night. I was sitting with my feet on the stove hearth. My family had retired and was eating a lunch, when all at once the door stood open, and I saw the same woman in the door, supported in the arms of a man whom I knew. She was stretched back and looked as if she was in the agonies of death: she said nothing, but the man said, "she is dying! she will die," &c., and all disappeared and the door closed without noise.

October.—The fifth time I saw her was a little past sunrise, I came out of the house to my work. I saw the same woman in the front yard—she said, "I wanted Joseph to keep my papers, but they are—" Her something seemed to stop her utterance. She then said, "to the deposition, was on Wednesday the 27th of Sept., and on the following Saturday, he first saw the apparition, ghost, or whatever we are disposed to call it, of the deceased widow. Now, however sceptical we are disposed to be in regard to this part of the story, we cannot but say that, at least, it is very strange, ay, passing strange! Only three days had elapsed, during which time Mr. Van Woert had held no conversation with any of his neighbors in regard to the secret danger, which it was impossible to avert, and often waked from his troubled sleep, frightened with horrid dreams for which he was unable to account. Frequently would she arouse herself from her slumber with her cries and exclamations, shuddering and exhausted, as if endeavoring to escape some eminent danger. Vague suspicions began to float among her neighbors, and former rumors which had partially died away, were revived, and some strongly suspected that foul play was being practiced in the present case of the widow—but still was vague and undefined, and might be but the idle thoughts of the gossiping, or the invidious neighbors carelessly thrown out by enemies. Yet when such strange occurrences take place, the multitude will account for them as seems best to suit the tastes and dispositions of the most prominent members of the multitude, and others will coincide in their decisions, whether just or unjust, and when the popular current has set out like the tide on the strand, it is very difficult to oppose it.

During the illness of the widow, she was occasionally attended by Dr. D.—, who affirms that her symptoms were such as he could not account for, on the general principle of any natural disorder. She was frequently in a state nearly approaching to insanity, apparently the effect of mental agitation, which during her lucid intervals was evidently

POETRY.

From the Prophet.

THE FALLEN SAVED.
Shine on them bright beams,
Unclosed and free,
From the City of Zion,
O'er life's troubled sea;
From our great land of promise,
Whose Kingdom's begun,
Thou Star of the West.
In thy glory shine on.

Shine on those bright Star
Of the fallen one's dream,
Thou shall guide him to virtue
And honor again;

In the whirlwinds of passion
His bark has been tossed,

If thou art his bough,

He cannot be lost.

Thou "stems from the mountains
Cut out without hands,"
Whose bark has gone forth,
Isle for distant lands;

Thee boughs of liberty,
Justice—and peace.
Thou bright Star of Israel's,
Wronged despised race.

Guide the fallen one's bark,
To its haven of rest,
Where safety are gathered
The good and the just;

No more from the calm sea
Of virtue to glide,
But stay with the righteous,
Thee Star's own bribe.

His heart's faithful magnet,
Bore thy loved power,
At variance not now,
In this dreary evening hour;

See! the black cloud of evil
His beacon hath crossed,

And now, shouldst thou fall,

If he low thee, he's lost.

Oh, thou hast not failed,
But dost point to the pole,
Where the loadstone of virtue
Shall save his waggled soul.

See! his bark is all out,

And the reefs are all passed,

In mercy's blest harbor.

He's anchored at last.

EPISTLE FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, GREAT BASIN,
NORTH AMERICA, Oct. 9th, 1842.

To Elders Orson Hyde, George A. Smith,
and Ezra T. Benson, and the Saints scattered abroad, in Pottowatamie county, and neighborhood—GREETING:

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN: It has pleased Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in his infinite mercy, to grant unto us the desire of our hearts, in delivering us out of every danger, in a savage and perilous country; and permitting us to arrive once more in the goodly land; and which is to be unto us, a haven of rest, a place for our souls, a place where we may dwell in safety; free from the blasts and triumphs of all mocking spirits, or the persecutions of our deadly foes; who have so often driven us from our homes, our habitations, our lands, our possessions, our temples, our all; and as they fondly hoped, never to be enabled to assemble ourselves again; but through the help, guidance and assistance of the Lord God of Israel, we are once more enabled to worship Him, under our own vine and bowery, where there is none to molest or make us afraid; and where we can plant, and as we humbly trust be permitted to eat the fruit of our labors; build and inhabit in peace and in safety; and once more rear a temple to His names' honor and glory, and in which we can again sing, and pray, and praise His high and holy name, and shout with shouts that shall rend the air. Hosanna, Hosanna, to God and the Lamb, forever and ever. Amen.

On the 28th of August last, we wrote you an epistle from the Sweetwater, from which place we returned those wagons and teams, that the brethren in Iowa had kindly loaned to us, to assist us on our journey; considering it wisdom that they should have an early start, make the best of their way while the weather and feed were in tolerable condition, so that they may reach their destination before the severity of the weather would be likely to set in upon them—while we remained at the Sweetwater with our goods and families on the ground, exposed to the keen frosty nights and storms that are so prevalent in that country.

On the 30th of August we were glad to meet with a number of the brethren from the Valley, with 47 wagons and 124 yokes of oxen, being three yokes of cattle over and above replacing the wagons and teams that we had previously sent back to the Saints in Iowa, towards filling the vacancy of the great number of cattle, that had unfortunately died on our hands, and been left by the wayside to feed the ravenous wolves and birds, that inhabit the desolate country through which we are obliged to travel. Yet, notwithstanding so inadequate assistance, our hearts faint not; but relying on the arm of Jehovah, we re-loaded our wagons and continued our journey.

On the 1st of September, going through the South Pass to the waters that flow into the Pacific, and had a miserable evening's journey of it; the next day we had a morning rain, and only removed about a mile in order to find feed to sustain our cattle, which a snow storm passed over us, and on Sunday the 3d of September, the centre of the Wind River chain of mountains, was covered with snow, the weather was then severe; but afterwards cleared up with pleasant days and frosty nights, which consoled us with nearly the whole of our journey, with the exception of showers which were of moment occurrence, but never so heavy as in the States, and we considered ourselves the highly favored of the Lord. We were under the necessity of travelling from this place in small companies on account of the many narrow kanyons, crossing of streams, and sandy beds, so as to expedite our journey.

President Young arrived in the Valley on Wednesday the 10th of September, and was received into the city by Bishop Hunter and his family, and them through the great majority of the fore and Presidents, and on Friday the 12th, in the afternoon, being adjourned for the Sabbath, and his company an assembly of the Twelve Apostles, who were also unanimous. He then presented Parley P. Pratt as one of the Twelve, who was also unanimous. He then presented Orson Pratt as one of the Twelve, who was also unanimous. He then presented Lyman Wight; who

and Kimball to the Valley," was sung by the whole choir with a pleasing effect.

We were glad to see the crops look so well and make such a promising appearance to yield a bountiful supply of the products of the earth to sustain life, after the many frosts and destruction by crickets, as if they were going to wipe out the crops off the face of the earth. Still we are sorry to see the apathy of many in regard to saving the remainder of the crops, how they are nearly maturated; and it requires all the efforts, and all the authority, and all the power that we have, to induce the people to render a sufficient attention to them and preserve them from destruction by the cattle; yet we trust by the blessing of Heaven, that we shall be able to induce the people to do their duty in this, and all other matters.

At our suggestion the brethren have entered into a combination to enclose a Big Field for farming purposes, and already there has been 363 applications for lots in it, taking up 11,045 acres of land; it is our intention to have the five acre lots next to the city, to accommodate the mechanics and artisans; the ten acres next, to be for the smaller description of farmers; the twenty acres join in succession, followed by the forty and eighty acres, which will be farthest from the city and where farmers will build and dwell, and all these different varieties will be enclosed in one common fence, which will be 17 miles and 53 rods long, and 4 feet high. And to the end that every man may be satisfied with his lot, and put away any hardness that might occur by any other method of dividing the land, we have proposed that it shall all be done by ballot, or casting lots as in the days of old, it was judged expedient among us.

The city that we have laid out is already filled up, and we have many families that are at present without an inheritance, and many families are coming in Elders Richards and Lyman's companies. We have deemed it expedient to run off an addition to the city, commencing at the eastern line of the city, and running east as far as the nature of the land will allow for building purposes.

President Young then spoke for sometime upon the subject of oppression, and on the necessity of doing away with it. He said he wanted to see a community who were without a sheriff, constable, officer, or any man to attend to any such small business, as so when the people flee away from the destructions and wrath that are being poured out upon the earth, by an almighty hand, they may find in the Valley of the Mountain a city of rest, a refuge from the oppressor, where the soles of his feet may no longer be compelled to run from the shafts of death at the hands of his persecutors, but where he can rest from his oppression, and be at peace.

Neither is there any more fear that there will not be a sufficiency of timber to supply the wants of the people; for, after our arrival in the Valley; a number of the brethren signed a petition to the High Council, to grant the inhabitants the privilege of cutting down every tree, green as well as dry, that can be found within thirty miles of the Valley to be drawn into the city for city purposes, during the present fall and coming winter—which was granted; thus giving conclusive evidence that there is a sufficiency to meet the wants of the people, when used with wisdom and prudence, and much of the timber is in such a high state of preservation, that it is very likely to remain where it is, until the mountains are brought down, and the valleys exiled.

On the 6th of October, we opened our Semi-Annual Conference, and adjourned to Sunday October 8th, in order to oblige the brethren who had been in the service of the United States, who had returned to the Valley, and requested a day of recreation, which was granted to them, they had appointed the 5th for their meeting, but on account of the weather it was postponed and the brethren gave way to them, and they celebrated their return home by a dinner and the firing cannon at intervals during the day, bringing their meeting to a close at the setting of the sun.

On Sunday the 8th, Conference convened at 11 A. M., was opened by singing and prayer by Elder Taylor. After the Choir had sung another hymn, President Young resumed the business of the Conference by introducing the order of the day; when Elder Parley P. Pratt nominated President Brigham Young as the First President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, seconded by Elder Heber C. Kimball, and carried without a dissenting voice.

Elder Pratt then nominated Heber C. Kimball to be President Young's first counsellor, seconded and carried unanimously. Elder Pratt, Willard Richards as his second counsellor, seconded and carried unanimously. Elder Pratt then nominated John Smith to be Patriarch over the whole church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, seconded and carried unanimously. President Young then rose, and spoke upon the principles of the priesthood and its keys, and stated that the elders of Israel were in deep mystery pertaining to Godliness, and that the mystery among the people in the days of Paul, was that Lord Jesus Christ could take a tabernacle of flesh. President Young then showed it was no mystery at all when once understood, and that God Almighty had an eternity of qualifications beyond the comprehension of worldly man. After speaking with much power for about an hour and a half, he moved that we release Father John Smith from his former office as President of the state, seconded and carried. He then moved, that Charles C. Rich, take the place of John Smith as president over the church at this place. Charles C. Rich then nominated John Young as his counsellor, seconded and carried. He then nominated Ezra T. Snow as his second counsellor, seconded and carried.

Elder Kimball then arose and laid before the people the Quorum of the Twelve, and after a short address, presented Orson Hyde to the congregation, and said it was my favor of his continuing as one of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles to signify it by the uplifted hand, when all hands were raised. He then presented Parley P. Pratt as one of the Twelve, who was also unanimous. He then presented Orson Pratt as one of the Twelve, who was also unanimous. He then presented Lyman Wight; who

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Neither is there any more fear that there will not be a sufficiency of timber to supply the wants of the people; for, after our arrival in the Valley; a number of the brethren signed a petition to the High Council, to grant the inhabitants the privilege of cutting down every tree, green as well as dry, that can be found within thirty miles of the Valley to be drawn into the city for city purposes, during the present fall and coming winter—which was granted; thus giving conclusive evidence that there is a sufficiency to meet the wants of the people, when used with wisdom and prudence, and much of the timber is in such a high state of preservation, that it is very likely to remain where it is, until the mountains are brought down, and the valleys exiled.

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